

# Sisters

**By: IAmVictorious**

Sisterly drabbles about Ryuko Matoi and Satsuki Kiryuin.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-02-17

Updated: 2014-12-25

Words: 16531

Chapters: 16

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Hurt/Comfort/Family -  
Characters: Ryuko M., Satsuki K. - Reviews: 93 - Favs: 478 - Follows: 394

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10120572/1>

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# Sisters

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# I'll Protect You

A brief moment between newly found sisters Ryuko Matoi and Satsuki Kiryuin as they recover from their defeat in episode 18

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It was dark. That's all she knew. Granted, she barely knew anything else anymore. Her mother was now her enemy, and her previous enemy became her sister. Sister. The word tasted unfamiliar on her tongue. In fact, it was that very sister that carried her to the Nudist Beach hideout. Satsuki was only conscious enough to see the grim look on Ryuko's face as she picked her up off the barren ground.

Pathetic. Here she was, beaten within an inch of her life, and Ryuko, who also had taken some serious damage, was carrying her. Carrying her. Satsuki Kiryuin. The girl who she sworn was her enemy. But she couldn't say they were enemies now. To be honest, Ryuko had no idea what they were to each other anymore. They weren't friends. The notion of being sisters was thrust upon them at a time that was severely inconvenient. So what exactly were they to each other?

Allies. That was the word Satsuki had refused to call Ryuko at the beginning of it all. But now, she had no choice. Whether she liked it or not, Ryuko was the only family she had left. Her father was dead, and her mother was a monster. She almost felt envious of Ryuko being as blissfully ignorant to her origins as she was.

But Ryuko was ignorant no more. And She wanted answers. Answers to questions Satsuki couldn't answer even if she wanted to.

Satsuki stared at the black ceiling above her head. She couldn't really see anything since it was so dark, but she could hear the rapid tapping of a sneaker next to her right ear. She didn't have to look up to see who was sitting next to her.

Ryuko frowned down at the older girl. "You're awake." She grunted, handing her a glass of water.

Satsuki sat up, wincing. She noticed that someone had changed the bandages on her chest and arms. It was probably Mako. She would have to thank her later once she was healthy enough to get up. "Yes. How long have you been sitting there?" She asked, her frown matching the younger girl's.

"Long enough to know you talk in your sleep..." Ryuko hesitated. "... Sis." There was a long pause between them after that. The battle between them and Ragyo had been nearly a week ago. It almost felt like a dream to them both. "Look, we don't have to act all sisterly to each other and make up for the years that we were apart, but right now, we need to form a bond. So that we can form a proper plan."

She had a point. Satsuki was impressed. She had never seen Ryuko think so rationally before. She gave her a curt nod, sipping out of the glass. "Why don't we start with the small things? Like favorite colors and things like that?" She suggested.

"Blue."

"Red."

Both snorted.

"Figures." Ryuko commented, rolling her eyes. "Favorite food?"

"Sushi."

"Takoyaki."

Ryuko giggled. "Okay, this is kind of fun. Hmmm. Biggest fear?"

"My-" Satsuki stopped herself. "Our mother."

And then suddenly everything stopped being fun. And Satsuki was quiet, and Ryuko was angry. The red strand of life fiber in her hair

burned red. She silently clenched her fists as Satsuki closed her eyes. Senketsu opened his eye. "Ryuko. Your blood is boiling. Is everything okay?"

"How could you ask me a damned thing like that?!" Ryuko growled, seething through her teeth. "Ragyo Kiryuin is the reason why my father is dead! And why my only sister is bedridden! I want her head on the end of my blade!" In a blink of an eye, Ryuko was up with one sneakered foot on the chair she had been sitting in and her scissor blade in her hand pointed towards the ceiling. Some how, it shone brightly even though there was no light.

Satsuki was astounded. They had been against each other up until this point, but now all of a sudden, Ryuko was defending her. It felt weird, she hadn't experienced it in a while. Actual love. Even if it was a little situational and rushed, Ryuko was still pissed for Satsuki. Because at the end of the day they both had the same common goal: Take down Ragyo Kiryuin.

"You may not want to count me as a sister, but I swear on my father's grave I will protect you, Satsuki Kiryuin!" Ryuko pointed to her with resolve in her eyes that made her blood pump.

"Very well." Satsuki decided. "I shall do the same for you, Ryuko Matoi. After all, I am the oldest, and I cannot have you making the Kiryuin name look bad." She held a hand for Ryuko to shake.

Ryuko smirked, taking it. "Oh trust me, that won't be my doing."

## Tea Party

An uncomfortable silence set between the two girls as they sat across from each other. Satsuki was feeling a little better now, so she could sit up without any pain and walk for a couple minutes before starting to hobble. Right now, at the request of Mako, who, strangely enough didn't stick around to see if they had actually followed through, the girls were having tea. Or at least attempting to.

Ryuko held her tea cup a bit awkwardly, never having had any formal training, while Satsuki held hers like a dignified aristocrat. Which looked pretty funny, because she was wearing Ryuko's pajamas. She smirked, amused at the predicament that Ryuko was in. She was anything but proper, and her actions spoke of it louder than her words. She crossed her legs and put an elbow on the table.

"Matoi, elbows off the table. It is unladylike." Satsuki commanded, her smirk hidden behind the brim of her teacup.

Ryuko blew a strand of jet black hair out of her face and leaned back in the chair, letting out a sigh of frustration. "This is boring. Why do we have to do this?" She whined, lolling her head. They had been sitting in front of each other for twenty minutes now. And every time Ryuko did something that Satsuki didn't deem ladylike, she was chastened for it.

"Because Mankanshoku thought this would be a good way to start our bond." Satsuki replied for the hundredth time. for a moment she wondered if this is how Ryuko would have acted if they had grown up together. "If you had grown up with me, you wouldn't be saying that." She added.

"If I had grown up with you things would be a lot different, huh?" Ryuko mused, tapping her sneaker against the table. She was quiet for a moment. Then quietly, she asked, "What was Dad like?"

The question caught Satsuki off guard. She had never heard anyone else call Soichiro 'Dad' but herself. It was a little unsettling. "He was... a good man. You would have liked him." She answered with a wry smile.

Ryuko nodded, absentmindedly taking a sip of her tea. It was noiseless once again, and the only sounds reverberating was both girls breathing, and the calm, steady sips of tea. "Do you..." Ryuko pursed her lips.

Satsuki's eyebrows raised at her sudden outburst. "Do I what?"

"Do you ever... you know... wonder what things would have been like if Ragyo wasn't a monster and if Soichiro was still alive?" That was the second loaded question Ryuko had asked Satsuki during their little tea party.

And to be honest, Satsuki did wonder. A lot. She used to daydream and dream about it when she was little, but now she did it even more now that she knew who her sister was. She did wonder if things were normal, how would they have gotten along? How would they have played together? Ryuko acting proper did amuse her a bit, but would things really be different if Ragyo hadn't thrown Ryuko away?

"Yes. Sometimes. It does come to mind every now and again." She responded, plucking a cookie off the plate on the small, wobbly table. She watched as Ryuko pulled at the black suspenders on Senketsu. She learned it was a nervous habit Ryuko had developed around her. "Something troubling you, Matoi?"

"Ryuko."

"Hmm?"

"Just call me Ryuko, okay? We can drop the last names thing. It's completely redundant now." Ryuko's cerulean eyes flickered to her sister's.

"Ryuko. My apologies." Satsuki told her. "Now what's the matter?"

"What are we gonna do with the other half of the scissors?" Ryuko asked.

"Do we have it yet?" Satsuki countered.

"No, but-"

"So do not fret over it. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it." Satsuki interrupted. She refilled her cup, and then Ryuko's. Ryuko's face twisted. "Something tells me the scissors aren't what is making you nervous."

"This tea is disgusting. And bitter." Ryuko responded, not missing a beat. She glared down at the steaming cup.

Satsuki chuckled. "You talk about tea being bitter when you eat lemons like they're apples." She teased. "Though, it does make sense, since you have such a sour attitude." She smirked when she saw that her teasing had gotten to the younger girl.

"I have a sour attitude, but at least I'm not a bitter person who drinks bitter tea!" Ryuko snapped back. It was supposed to be insulting but she couldn't seem to quite conceal a smirk of her own.

"Well we do have many reasons to be bitter, little sister." Satsuki said pointedly, lifting up her cup.

Ryuko lifted up her cup and leaned back in her chair, sighing. "True that, sis." She agreed, before toasting cups with her older sister.

They smiled at each other, and hummed as the warm liquid ran down their throats. Then, something registered in Ryuko's head.

"Don't ever call me little sister again."

Satsuki couldn't help but laugh.



# Nightmares

Satsuki awoke with a start. She tried to muffle her screams this time, but somehow, it wasn't enough because Ryuko was by her side in a split second. "What?! What's wrong?!" She asked, wide eyed. Satsuki cursed herself under her breath. That was the third time this week she had woken up with night terrors. And the third time she had woken Ryuko with them, too.

"N-Nothing. I'm fine." She lied, her voice shaky and her hands clammy. She had been having nightmares about their mother. Some were vaguely similar to what already happened, and some were her worst fears. She didn't mean to keep waking Ryuko up. She could see the bags under the younger girl's eyes and her frightened expression. She felt guilty. Her screaming was taking a toll on her little sister.

"No, you're not. I can see it in your face." Ryuko said flatly, crossing her arms. Her features softened. "Satsuki... C'mon just tell me. No one just wakes up screaming for the third time in a row and says they're fine." She put a hand on the older girl's shoulder reassuringly. "Sis?"

Ryuko only called her sis when she really knew something was bothering Satsuki. Satsuki sighed. "I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me. I've been having these horrible, horrifying dreams and they just cause so many problems." She ran a hand through her messy jet black hair. Like lack of sleep. She hadn't slept a wink ever since she got better from her injuries. Each one brought on a new terror, and every time she thought about it, she felt like crying.

But she couldn't tell Ryuko that. She was supposed to be the older sister. The rock. She's supposed to be the one coddling Ryuko, not the other way around. "What horrible dreams? You never mentioned any dreams." Ryuko felt hurt that her sister would keep such a thing

from her. She was still new to this whole sister thing, but to see Satsuki in pain caused pain for her.

Satsuki pursed her lips. "Imouto, if I tell you this, you promise not tell anyone?" She asked, a very rare look of doubt crossed her face. She had never told anyone what she was about to tell Ryuko. Not even Soroi.

"Yeah, yeah, sis you can trust me." Ryuko reassured her, scooting closer. Sharing secrets was new for the both of them. Even though they grew up apart their behaviors were the same. They both were loners, and didn't have many friends except for the people they trusted. And even then they still didn't tell those few people everything.

"Ragyo..." Satsuki paused. She didn't quite know how to say it. "She..." She trailed. God, why was it so hard for her to just come out and say it? "She used to..." She tried again. Her face twisted in frustration. The old Satsuki Kiryuin wouldn't have trouble saying what she wanted. "She used to touch me." She cursed herself for going with the simplest explanation. She hoped that Ryuko would at least get what she was hinting at.

Ryuko's eyebrows rose and fell in confusion. "What do you-" Realization washed over her. "You mean she... and she... oh my god..." She mumbled. "Have you told anyone else?" she whispered.

Satsuki couldn't for the life of her understand why Ryuko was whispering when everyone was dead asleep, but answered anyway, shaking her head. Ryuko stayed quiet, staring at the ratty mattress Satsuki was laying on. Satsuki could practically see the gears in her head turning.

"How long, sis?"

"Do we have to-"

"How long?!" Ryuko asked more sternly.

Satsuki gulped, feeling a knot developing in her throat. "S-since I was nine." And then Ryuko was up. And she was throwing on Senketsu and she was storming out the door. "Ryuko! Hey! Where are you going?!" The older girl called after her, stumbling to her feet in the darkness.

"To rip that bitch limb from limb." Ryuko deadpanned, her fists were clenched, and the red strand of life fiber in her hair burned bright. That only happened when she was beyond pissed. Satsuki knew that when she got like this there was no stopping her. But this time she had to, or else Ryuko would get herself killed. And she couldn't lose her again.

"Matoi." Ryuko hated when Satsuki called her that. They were supposed to be on a first name basis now. She only called her by her last name when she was about to do something stupid and reckless. Ryuko slowly turned around. Satsuki grabbed both sides of her face. "Ryuko, I get that you're concerned about me, and that is very sisterly of you. But you have to remember that our mother will not hesitate to have you decapitated."

Ryuko winced. She had a very good point. Thunder rumbled up above. "You're just going to let her get away with this?! You're just going to let her control you?!" She growled.

Satsuki became angry. "She has no control over me! I am my own woman! How dare you say such a thing!" She shouted, pounding her chest.

"If she doesn't have control over you, then why do you wake up in the middle of the night screaming for me?! Screaming because you imagine her torturing you the way she used to?! Don't hand me that bullshit!" Ryuko screamed at her. "You're so blinded by your stupid, beat up pride you can't even see that."

What happened next surprised the both of them. Satsuki started crying. And not small little sobs. Actually legit crying. Ryuko had never seen her cry. Ever. She was always so strong and

commanding. Satsuki seemed unbreakable. To see her cry made Ryuko uncomfortable. She sighed and picked her up, carrying her over to the bed bridle style.

They laid together for a while. Satsuki's sobs would quiet down, and Ryuko could hear her chest heaving. And then they would start up again. It was heartbreaking. Absolutely heartbreaking. Ryuko wanted to cry herself.

Eventually the crying stopped all together, and in it's place light snoring could be heard. At some point Satsuki had turned to face Ryuko before falling asleep. And Ryuko could see how damaged she really was. Her face was puffy, and her cheeks were tear stained. She wasn't just injured on the outside, she was injured on the inside.

Hesitantly, Ryuko wrapped her arms around her older sister. She rubbed her back and kissed her forehead, letting her know she was here for her. She drifted off to sleep finally, listening to her sister's calming heartbeat.

Satsuki never woke up screaming again.

# Rescue

She didn't know how long she had been hanging there. Two, maybe three weeks. Maybe more. She couldn't tell. She was just... hanging. She couldn't remember the last time her feet touched the ground. She couldn't remember anything actually. Except for her painful, agonizing defeat.

That she'll never forget. The door to her cage opened, and she didn't even look up. She knew who it was. She didn't want to give her the satisfaction of looking her in the face. She already felt dirty. She didn't need to feel even more disgusted with herself.

The footsteps came closer. Satsuki still didn't look up. The footsteps stopped in front of her. She looked at the shoes of the person in front of her. Sneakers. Ragyo didn't wear sneakers.

No, this definitely wasn't Ragyo. This was someone else. This was someone she knew. Someone else she was related to.

"Ryuko."

It came out barely as a whisper as Satsuki's voice was hoarse from dehydration. The other girl didn't respond. Instead, she simply reached up and started fiddling with the chains that hung her older sister.

Even after knowing it was Ryuko, she couldn't make eye contact. She refused to look at her for longer than two seconds. Then, she noticed something. "You're not wearing Senketsu." She was just wearing a bedsheet wrapped around herself like a cape.

Ryuko's hair seemed to flare at the mention of her Kamui. "We're on a break." She answered flatly. Emotionlessly. As if she could care less about what happens to him. That's not the Ryuko Satsuki

remembered. The Ryuko she remembered would do anything for her Kamui. What happened to her these past few weeks?

The chains gave way and Satsuki fell into Ryuko's waiting arms. "Can you stand?" She asked. Satsuki shook her head. Ryuko rolled her eyes and hefted her naked sister onto her back in a piggyback fashion. She opened the cage door again, and closed it behind them as she began to walk out.

"Why are you doing this?" Satsuki croaked.

"Why shouldn't I? Siblings look out for each other, right?" Ryuko responded monotonously with a hint of sarcasm. It annoyed Satsuki. She sensed something happened to Ryuko but that didn't mean she got to take it out on her.

Ryuko sighed. "Nudist Beach is infiltrating the place. somehow they were able to find you. It's hell out there. The Covers are fighting back hard. Not to mention Nui and Ragyo are out there. I only had but a minute to sneak in and rescue you." There was a loud boom from outside and various shouts. "Aikuro is out there. So is Tsumugu. They're fighting too."

It was silent. Only Ryuko's sneakers hitting the concrete floors made sounds. Even her breathing was quiet. Satsuki spoke up after a minute. "Aren't I a little heavy for you?"

"I would have dropped you by now if you were." Ryuko replied. "It shouldn't be much longer anyway. Aikuro is meeting us at the back entrance with a helicopter. Just please, try to shut up?" Satsuki snorted, but said nothing.

Suddenly, loud heavy footsteps and shouting could be heard behind them. "Shit, we've run out of time. Can you run?" Ryuko half shouted.

Satsuki glared at her. "I've been hanging by my wrists for a month and a half while being tortured by my psychopathic sociopathic

mother! Do you seriously think I can just up and run at a time like this?!"

Ryuko started to run. "Well, when you put it that way, no." She grumbled, adjusting Satsuki on her back, Ryuko breathed through her nose while picking up speed.

"We wouldn't have to run if you had Senketsu!"

"Don't start lecturing me, I saved your ass! You would've still been hanging like a pig in a meat shop if it wasn't for me! You're lucky I even thought about your sorry butt after all the bullshit you put me through!" Ryuko shouted back.

Satsuki didn't respond. Mostly because Ryuko was right. Ryuko wasn't obligated to come save her. Sister or not, up until a month ago they had been sworn enemies. Ryuko had every right to despise her. She nearly killed her on multiple occasions, not to mention turning Mako, her one and only human friend against her just for her amusement.

Ryuko didn't owe her shit.

And yet, here she was, breathing ragged, carrying the older girl to safety. Satsuki had to hand it to her. The girl had some resolve. Ryuko hurriedly turned down a hallway and sighed in relief when she saw there was an emergency exit at the end of it. And remembering the schematics Aikuro had showed her, it was the exit that she was supposed to meet him at. They were homefree.

Then, suddenly, a deafening high pitched sound rang through both their ears. Ryuko had heard it before, but it was apparent Satsuki hadn't because she was gritting her teeth and covering her ears in pain. "The COVERS are here! Just keep your ears closed and hold tight okay?!" She told the girl on her back. She dodged the life fibers coming down to reach at her at Satsuki. She really wished now that she had brought her scissor blade with her.

The helicopter came into view and she put an extra boost in her step. Her hair flared up and she grit her teeth. She was not about to get eaten up by COVERS. She did not risk her life to save Satsuki for nothing. With one final jump, she landed in the helicopter. It took off not a moment sighed in fatigue after laying the unconscious girl in the cot they had put there for her.

Aikuro turned to Ryuko. "So, how is she?" He asked. "Not good. When I found her, she was hanging by her hands. She's naked as you can see, and she's really bruised up. She said Ragyo tortured her." A chill ran down Ryuko's back. It kind of hurt her to know that while she didn't have a perfect childhood, her sister had it a million times worse. She looked out of the window at the wreckage that was once Honnouji Academy. "I'm just glad that this is over." She then glanced down at the sleeping girl, smiling a bit. "For the both of us."

Satsuki awoke in a hospital bed with bandages all over her chest and IVs in her arms. She didn't quite exactly remember how she got here. She looked to the side of her to see that Ryuko was sitting in a chair next to the bed, her arm on the nightstand table. And then she remembered. The torture, the battle. Everything.

She must have dozed off a while ago, because there was a pretty impressive pool of drool collecting on the floor. "Hey, Matoi." Satsuki croaked out. Ryuko kept on snoring. "Ryuko." she said a little louder. Ryuko didn't even flinch. "Ryuko!" She shouted.

Ryuko jumped up. "Yeah! Yeah! What?! You need the nurse?!" She shouting back in a panic. She made a motion to stand.

"No. I don't. I'm fine." Satsuki responded, putting a hand on her wrist, sitting up a bit. Ryuko sat back down and relaxed. "Why am I in the hospital?" The older girl asked her with a frown on her face.

"Well you're pretty tough, but whatever she was doing to you must have been really bad. You basically went into shock." Ryuko answered quietly.



Satsuki's eyebrows raised. "Shock...? How long have I been in here?" Then she noticed there was something different about Ryuko. "You're wearing Senketsu."

"Yeah, It's a long story." The younger girl told her. "There was this big huge final showdown. It was insane."

There was a beat of silence.

Then, "Hey, Ryuko?"

"Hmm?"

"Is our mother dead?"

Ryuko paused.

"Yes."

Tears swelled in Satsuki's eyes.

"Thank god."

# Worthless

Every morning, Satsuki Kiryuin wakes up from nightmares, watches her sister snoring in the bed next to her and throws her a pillow in order to shut her mouth. Every time is a wasted attempt, and she ends up getting up to wake their younger sister Nui for middle school.

But, most importantly, every morning Satsuki Kiryuin wakes up from nightmares, prepares herself for school and goes downstairs to greet her mother -a mother who never, ever would do horrible things to her-, and kiss her cheek before leaving and face another sunny day.

And just like always Ryuko runs after her, seeing how she always slept in late. "Why didn't you wake me up?! You always wake Nui up!" She whines, out of breath.

Satsuki's pace didn't falter. "Nui is a first year in middle school. She hasn't quite adjusted to the change in pace. You on the other hand should know by now." She replies snidely.

"Well excuuuuse me Miss Student Council President for not being as prissy as you!" Ryuko snorts. There was obvious resentment in her voice. Something was bothering her, Satsuki could tell.

"Hey, I didn't mean-"

"Ryuko-chan! Satsuki-chan!" A familiar, bubbly voice calls.

It was Mako Mankanshoku. Ryuko's exuberant and not so right in the head best friend. They had been friends since kindergarden and inseparable since then. The girl's overzealous ways did contrast Ryuko's boyish personality amusingly.

"Hey!" Ryuko calls to her. Satsuki turns around. "I'm gonna go on ahead with Mako, kay? See you at lunch?" She asked, using her puppy dog eyes.

"Sure." Satsuki responds with a wry smile. She turned back around and continued walking.

When it was lunch time, Ryuko did come to Satsuki's third year classroom, bringing her lunch with her. The two sisters sat in the back of the class huddled close so that the other students couldn't hear them. Satsuki was reading a book that she had been assigned for her english class, while Ryuko played with her PSP that she had snuck in. (Which was against school rules, but she knew that.)

"You're going to get that taken away, imouto." Satsuki scorns, not looking up from her book.

Ryuko snorts. "Yeah, by who?"

A hand confiscated the handheld game roughly. "By me." the voice that belonged to the hand responds.

"Ira Gamagoori. Awesome." Ryuko mumbles sarcastically, folding her arms. She should have known better than to bring it in here. Where all of Satsuki's high and mighty friends were. She rolled her eyes. "Can I have my game back?" She holds out her hand expectantly.

"You know the rules, Kiryuin. No personal electronics during school hours." Gamagori deadpans.

"Just because I know them doesn't mean I'm gonna follow 'em." Ryuko said challengingly, getting up.

"Ryuko..." Satsuki warned.

"No, stop doing that! I get it I'm your younger sister! Stop acting like I'm Nui's age! That shit is annoying!" Ryuko lashed out, glaring at her.

"Well it's not a picnic in the park cleaning up after you, getting you out of trouble and god knows what you get yourself into on a daily

basis!" Satsuki shouted back. The room had quieted down, and everyone was paying attention to their quarrel.

"I am not a child! Don't treat me like one!" Ryuko insisted, stomping her foot. Her face was red and her fists were clenched.

"You're acting like one right now!" Satsuki was equally as red. She pointed an accusatory finger to Ryuko. "It's your fault Dad left! If you weren't such a disappointment, maybe he would have stayed!"

Gasps rung out from everywhere in the room. Realization washed over Satsuki as it dawned on her how much what she just said might have hurt Ryuko. There was a look of pure horror on the younger girl's face. "Ryu-"

Ryuko was out the door before Satsuki could even finish.

Satsuki didn't hesitate to follow after her. "Ryuko! Wait!" She called after her. She ran after her, ran as fast as she could. But Ryuko was faster. And by the time Satsuki had caught up with her, she was in the girl's bathroom, locked in a stall.

"Imouto, please." Satsuki pleaded, knocking on the stall.

"Fuck you." Ryuko responded, angrily.

"That would be incest, wouldn't it?" Satsuki tried to joke, but it was clear Ryuko was in no joking mood. Satsuki sighed. "Look, I'm sorry, okay? I didn't mean to say that. I was just angry."

The stall door slammed open. "Why would you say that?! Why would you ever think that it was okay to say something like that?!" Ryuko shouted, tears started to fall from her eyes. "I know I'm not the star child like you and Nui! I know I can't be as good as you in school stuff and her in sports stuff! I hear it enough!"

Satsuki stood stunned as she watched her sister stand before her, shaking with heavy sobs. "H-Hear it enough?" She asked.

"Mom never tells you huh? Of course not, because you're her favorite. She thinks I'm a disgrace. She says I don't deserve to be a Kiryuin. She said," Ryuko hiccuped, "She said Nui should have been born in my place! Nui! And she's adopted, Satsuki! Adopted!" Fresh tears made their way down her face.

"Oh god, Ryuko, I-I-I had no idea..." Satsuki reached out for her sister and held her, rubbing her back. Much like she used to when she would come crying to her when they were kids. She wondered if those instances were the times that their mother had told her those horrible things.

"And now you think I'm worthless too! You! Of all people! But then again, you're the golden child! You're perfect in every way! You never get in trouble, or get bad grades! Mom adores you!" Ryuko wrenched herself away from her in anger.

Satsuki's own anger flared up again. "I am not perfect! I am not perfect at all! Do you know how hard it is to have the entire Kiryuin name riding on your shoulders? Huh?! While you're slacking off, I'm up till four in the morning studying for advanced classes! I have no social life! I have nothing else in my future except representing this family! Being a first born child is nothing compared to being second born! I literally have to set the example you're supposed to follow! How do you think that makes me feel?!"

This time it was Ryuko who was taken aback. "W-What?"

"I have nightmares, Ryuko. Nightmares of an alternate world that you wouldn't even be able to begin to comprehend. I haven't slept in months. And yet, every morning, I get up, I wake Nui up, and I make sure you don't fall on your face." Satsuki clenched her jaw.

"I'm sorry that what I said upset you." She said after a long pause. "And you're not worthless. You're a Kiryuin. And Kiryuins aren't worthless."

Ryuko sniffled. "R-Really?"

Satsuki nodded firmly. "It appears Mother has been putting things in your head. Look, I'm not telling you to continue to be the lazy slacker you are, but what I'm saying is, just, don't listen to her okay? Even if she wants you to follow after me. Please, just, do your own thing, okay?"

Ryuko nodded, sighing. "Okay."

The two sisters hugged, and then went back to class.

Ryuko never felt bad about herself again.

# Someone To Call My Sister

based on their little moment in episode 22 :3

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Ryuko's heart beat a mile a minute. The final battle was about to begin. Her and Satsuki were on the same side now, fighting as one. It almost made her giddy with excitement. Of course, she would never tell the former student council president that. She looked over at Satsuki, and saw that her face was as serious as ever. "Aren't you going?" The older girl asked, in an almost reprimanding tone.

"What about you?" Ryuko responded. She didn't want to have to do this alone. Not after they bonded and called a truce.

Satsuki turned to her in almost disbelief. "I have no choice but to go." That insane monster coming towards them was her mother too. She couldn't just let Ryuko fight Ragyo on her own.

Ryuko snorted, walking past her sister. "Then hurry up and change." She dismissed.

A little later, after Satsuki had changed, the two sisters stood side by side, preparing themselves for what was to come. Neither of them knew, and the anxiousness of it all made Satsuki's stomach turn. This was it. This was the beginning final showdown. Standing here with her long lost sister, she didn't know if she should cry or laugh. But, she must keep her composure. For her Devas. For Ryuko.

Someone buzzed in on the earpiece in Ryuko's ear. "Lady Ryuko." It was Soroi. "Please take care of your sister." Such a simple command, yet it made the young girl blush. It sounded like something a doting mother would tell her oldest daughter before she'd let them both go play. A fantasy in her mind of Ragyo being a kind mother standing on the porch steps of a cottage house waving as she watched her two dear children go out to explore the world

flashed briefly before she was momentarily queasy. Ragyo? A caring mother? Yeah right. "Gottcha."

She responded. She nodded at Satsuki. Her heart fluttered, wanting to try something she had been contemplating saying all day. "L-Let's go. Si-Si-" Dammit. sShe was stuttering. She took a quick breath. "Si-Si-" The word felt so familiar yet so foreign on her tongue. She wanted to say it, but she just couldn't. She was glad finally Satsuki stepped in to end her misery.

The older girl smiled a bit at her cute shyness. "You don't have to force yourself to act like my sister. Your blood flows through Junketsu right now. And that's enough for me." She appreciated Ryuko's effort, but it was clear they hadn't reached that point yet. Their relationship didn't have to start off on the sister page. They could become friends and work their way there. Satsuki was patient. Ryuko was unsure. The sister thing was new to the both of them. It was going to take some getting used to. Satsuki was just happy to have her sister back.

Ryuko looked up at her in bewilderment. The blush that had appeared never left her features. "That so?" Ryuko's life fiber heart pounded so much she could hear it in her ears.

"Yeah." Satsuki assured her proudly. Although she would never admit it to the younger girl's face, Satsuki wouldn't have anyone else as her sister.

"You girls..." Senketsu croaked, tearing up and enjoying the little, but very sentimental moment between the two young women. Ryuko couldn't help but smile at him. He was such a blubbery dork sometimes.

"Save the waterworks for later." She told him. Then she became serious. "Alright, let's do this!"

Satsuki took a deep, calming breath and both girls synchronized with their kamuis, flying off into battle with their hearts at ease.



# The M-Word

"Matoi Ryuko!"

Ryuko groaned and turned over in her covers. She turned the side of her pillow up to cover her ear, hoping it would muffle the sound of her sister's demanding voice so goddamn early in the morning. What the hell did she want anyway? It was the ass crack of dawn on a spring Saturday. The last thing she needed was her precious older sister bossing her around.

"Matoi Ryuko!"

The boom of her voice was closer than before. Ryuko had guessed Satsuki had bounded up the stairs to stand outside her door. Jeez. Why can't she just let her sleep in for once?

Not even three seconds later the door to her room slammed open. Ryuko jumped up in anger. "Dude, what the fuck?!" She demanded, waving her hands at Satsuki.

She had on a black pair of neatly ironed sweatpants, (seriously, who irons sweatpants?) A white long shirt, and a bandanna on her head. Her long, jet black hair was tied back in a scrunchy underneath it. This meant one thing, and one thing only: Today was cleaning day, and Ryuko was not getting out of it.

Satsuki shoved the mop in her hand. "Bathroom. Now. You've had plenty of time to sleep."

That's it. That's all she said before turning around, and walking out the door. "Yeah okay, *Mom* !"

Satsuki didn't acknowledge the title, even though it sent a shiver down her back. She just continued back downstairs into the kitchen for a nice, calming cup of tea.

The second time it happened Ryuko was sitting at the breakfast table after finally having begrudgingly cleaned the bathroom. Permanent scowl on her face, she stabbed at her waffles as she stared the older girl down. How dare she wake her up at six am to clean the bathroom? How dare she disregard the fact that Ryuko was a late sleeper?

"If you have something to say, Ryuko, you might as well say it before you stare a hole in my face." Satsuki commented as she sipped from her favorite tea cup. She flipped a page in the book she was reading before glancing at her younger sister expectantly. "Well? I'm waiting."

Ryuko growled, crossing her arms. "Nothin'."

"Hmm?"

"I said nothing!" Ryuko roared. She pushed her chair back and got up from the table. She didn't need this. No. Not this early in the morning. She wasn't going to take it.

"And where do you think you're going?" Satsuki asked her with an arched brow.

"My room! Jesus! Get off my back, Eyebrows! Wait, 'scuse me, *Mom*!" The younger girl snorted. "Should I start calling you that, because that's all you seem to be freaking acting like!" She screamed.

Satsuki looked at her wide eyed. "Is that what you really think? That I'm just like her?" She asked her slowly. Her hands started trembling. "I-I'm trying to be a good older sister." She mumbled. It was unlike her. Quiet. Resigned. Crestfallen. "I-I'm trying so hard not to be like her." She looked up at Ryuko bleary eyed. "Is that how you really feel?" She croaked.

Ryuko stood there, trying to gulped down the lump developing in her throat. Their mother was a sensitive subject for the both of them. More so Satsuki than Ryuko. She was terrified of taking a bath, she

was terrified of being in small places without Ryuko, and she was triggered by the simplest of things. It was painful to watch.

Ryuko didn't really fully understand because she never got the forefront of Ragyo's wrath. Satsuki had told her awful stories that had kept them both up at night, just holding each other for comfort. It scared her how much Satsuki was damaged. She couldn't go anywhere by herself. It was heart breaking. But to know now that Satsuki was walking on eggshells, trying so hard not to be like their tyrant of a mother, well, it made her feel bad.

"N-No." She stuttered. "That's not what I meant. I-It's just, sometimes you can be a little... well, overbearing. And I know it's because you love me and all but seriously, it's a little annoying." Ryuko took an experimental step closer to Satsuki.

Ever since they moved in together they had learned which touches were fine for Satsuki, and which ones were triggering. Being caressed (besides anyone but Ryuko) made her jumpy, hugs from behind were a no-no, touches close to her thigh, collarbone, and neck were also no-nos, and the only two people who could touch her in those places were Ryuko and Nonon. (And even then those times were limited and far inbetween.)

Ryuko placed a hand on Satsuki's shoulder. The slightly taller girl winced and Ryuko immediately removed it. "Sorry." She mumbled. An awkward moment of silence passed between them. It happened every time things got like this. She sighed. "Look. I'm sorry. I never had a mom. So I have no idea what it's like to be looked after, or cared for, or even nagged. I basically raised myself." She took a shaky breath. "And... and... and I'd rather have you bitching at me to clean the bathroom and giving a shit like a real mom, than have that bitch as a real mother."

Despite the vulgarity of her words, Satsuki knew that they were true. "Maybe I could loosen up a bit." She mused, pulling her younger sister into one of their rare, (But very much appreciated,) hugs.

Ryuko snorted. "A bit?"

Satsuki glared at her.

Ryuko. "Okay, a bit sounds good." She agreed.

## Something New

"Maybe we could give her a buzzcut!"

"Oh! Oh! Or a mohawk!"

"You two will do no such thing!"

"Oh come on! Lighten up, Satsuki! You're the one who was droning on and on yesterday about getting a new look! And now that we're trying to help you, you're shooting down every suggestion!" Ryuko told her sister exasperatedly. Mako and her were only joking, but she could see that her sister was very tense about losing her long commanding hair.

Ryuko raised the scissors in her hand above her head. "Okay, how about a new bang? Like, one to the side this time." She put a thoughtful hand to her chin as she examined Satsuki's hair in the mirror.

The older girl shook her head. "No, no. That's not anything new. Besides, my eyebrows would stick out." She sighed.

"More so than they do now?" Ryuko's teasing jab was met with a real jab- to the gut. Wheezing and keeling over from having the wind knocked out of her, she coughed, "Okay, maybe I deserved that."

"Take this seriously Ryuko-chan! This is the start of Satsuki-sama's new life! We shouldn't take it so lightly!" Mako scolded her, having one of her lecturing moments.

"You were just joking as much as I was! And besides, it's just a freaking hair cut!" Ryuko grunted, still holding her stomach. She had forgotten her sister was a trained fighter. She made a mental note not to tease her so close to her hands and feet.

Mako wagged a finger. "Back in middle school we learned about how in our culture in ancient times, cutting your hair meant the start of a new life and forgetting the past! Can't you see, Ryuko-chan? Satsuki-sama wanted you to be the one to cut her hair because she wants to forget her past and spend her future and new life with you!"

Ryuko blushed, then looked down at Satsuki sitting on the edge of Mako's bed. "I-Is that true, Sis?" She asked. She never thought that Satsuki of all people would want to spend their life with her. Well, besides Mako. And after all that they had been through, why not? They weren't trying to make up for the years apart, they were starting over. Without Ragyo looming over them. Without having to worry about Nui.

Without Senketsu.

Ryuko clutched her shirt. She couldn't think about that right now.

"Indeed, Ryuko." Satsuki told her, turning to face her. "You are the only blood family I have left. Forgetting the past is all about growing up. And don't you think I'd look grown up with a hair cut?" She smiled and laughed a little. Ryuko liked hearing her laugh. It was rare, but it was genuine and real when she did.

Ryuko smiled. "Yeah. Like a thirty something year old mom!" She teased, sticking her tongue out. She voiced her discomfort when Satsuki tugged at her cheek. "Ow! Ow! Sorry!" She picked up the scissors again and began to work.

She began by snipping away layers in the back. Satsuki winced when she saw the long strands of cut hair littering Mako's pink bedspread. But by the time Ryuko had reached the front, she had calmed, and was anticipating her new look.

"And..." Ryuko snipped away one last frayed strand, then smiled. "Done!" She beamed. "Congratulations, Satsuki, you look like a

young hot mom!" She handed her older sister a handheld mirror off of Mako's vanity and waited for her response.

Satsuki looked into the mirror and raised both her eyebrows. Her hair was cut into a bob, messily done, but beautifully so. It was uneven in some places, she could tell, but that added on to the charm of it. She liked it.

Mako gasped. "Oooh! You look so good, Satsuki-sama!"

Ryuko puffed her chest out. "Heh, I know right?"

Satsuki smiled. "You did a good job, Ryuko." She was glad that she chose Ryuko to do it.

Ryuko grinned. "Thanks, sis."

## Bath Time

Bath time for the Kiryuin sisters was one of the rare times that the two were on the same wave length, yet not at all at the same time. Yes, even though the elder was nineteen, and the younger eighteen, they took baths together. They thought nothing of it, seeing it as something they would have been doing anyway if they had grown up under the same household.

It was also a coping mechanism for them both since Satsuki was deathly afraid of taking baths by herself, (thanks to their touchy late mother, being anywhere near a body of water by herself caused a nauseating panic attack) and Ryuko couldn't get out of taking a bath with her because of that. It was kind of a silent agreement to just bathe together now that they lived under the same roof.

The muggy air inside the tub made Ryuko's hair stick to her face. She lowered herself into the large tub, sighing in content. Leaning back, she stared at the ceiling, letting the warm water envelope her. She hummed, enjoying the quietness of the water dripping from the faucet.

She frowned a bit when the door opened, letting in the cold outside air in. "Oi, Satsuki, why do you always have to get in a million years after me?" She questioned, her eyes still closed. She felt her sister's movements thanks to the quick rush of air that gushed every time she walked past. It gave her goosebumps much to her dismay.

"You know exactly why, Matoi." Satsuki deadpanned, letting her towel drop at the base of the pool. Ryuko heard it frump beside her arm. "If I could take a lot less longer, I would." Satsuki had something of a ritual to help ease her mind and prevent her triggers from happening. Yoga with scented candles. Which Ryuko thought smelled like feet and carpet. Not to mention it annoyed the hell out of her when Satsuki got up at the asscrack of dawn to do her yoga before school.



"But you won't, so here we are." Ryuko bit back. She opened her eyes and startled a bit when she saw that the older girl was right in front of her, staring at her. Her eyes darted, searching Satsuki's face. It was as stoic as ever. "What?" she asked nervously.

"You've... developed." Satsuki concluded, tilting her head as if she was looking at a fine piece of art in a museum. She looked a little confused too. Which confused Ryuko in turn.

"Huh?" She stammered.

"You're breasts. They've filled out. It appears you've finally hit your last leg of puberty. You've also gotten taller. Almost as tall as me." Satsuki attempted to reach out for her sister's chest.

Ryuko swatted her hand away. "Don't do that! That's creepy! Creepy McStalker Pants! Have you been watching those lame incest animes again?!" She shouted crossing her arms over her chest protectively, giving her older sister a wide eyed look.

Satsuki gave her a judo chop over the top of her head. "No. I don't watch those ridiculous things. Inumuta does. I just sometimes sit in on them." She folded her arms and frowned. "Honestly. How could you ever think I would stoop to such foolishness?"

"Do you think he gets off to the thought of us fucking?" Ryuko wondered, as she settled back into her relaxed position again. "You know, because he has an incest fetish."

"Such eloquent words." Satsuki scoffed, rolling her eyes. She put a hand to her chin. "Though, the possibility crossed my mind a couple of times, yes."

"Heheh. Do you think the big ape and Uzu join in too?" Ryuko sneered in laughter. The thought of the three of them furiously beating off made her snort.

"Are you implying that my men masturbate to the thought of me having relations with my blood related little sister?" Satsuki asked her with an eyebrow raised.

"Oh come on, Bushy Brows." Ryuko insisted. "You don't see the way they look at you? You practically give them boners every time you wear a dress or those skinny jeans that make your ass look awesome."

Satsuki gave her an incredulous look.

Ryuko quickly backtracked. "N-Not that I look or anything." She averted Satsuki's gaze by staring at the ceiling again, feeling the heat rising to her cheeks. "I mean, I think you're pretty. I mean, like really pretty- But not in a incest kind of way. I mean before I used to think- I mean before I knew- Fuck!" She threw her fists down into the water, making it splash.

She unwillingly looked up at Satsuki who gave her an amused and smug look.

"Does little sister have a crush on her big sister?" The older girl asked derisively, the smirk on her face mocking Ryuko and making her feel angry and embarrassed at the same time.

"N-No! I-" Ryuko stuttered. "Fuck you!" she yelled defiantly.

"And here you thought I was the one who was into the whole incest thing." Satsuki's condescending tone made Ryuko frown.

"S-Shut up!"

Satsuki's smirk grew wider. "Make me." She challenged.

Taking Satsuki by the sides of her face, Ryuko pulled her in for a surprise kiss. When she let go, Satsuki was wide eyed.

Ryuko was just as aware as she was, and she sunk lower into the bath. "We never speak of this!" She declared.

Satsuki wiped her lips, still astounded. "Agreed." She breathed.

# Intermisson

**Hey guys, thank you soooo much for the support on this story. It means a lot. This week's chapter is a side story, (or excerpt I guess,) from a story I have been writing on AO3 called Coalesce. My username is KillLaKillMe. It's a collab I've been working on with my friend Rachel and I'd appreciate it if you guys checked it out and left some kudos and comments! It's got all kinds of cool stuff like sister telepathy and of course, Ryuko la Satsuki! :) Well, without further ado, here's my little excerpt! Hope you guys like it!**

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There was two things Ryuko Matoi loved more than anything in the world: Her sister, Satsuki, and messing with her and said sister's shared group of friends.

Moving on to a normal life after defeating the life fibers and their mother, the two sisters moved in together. And what came with that was seeing each other's friends on a daily basis. Everyone knew each other pretty well, which of course, was a good thing, but there were just some people in their group who just didn't click with Ryuko.

Nonon, a prime example, was the last person on earth Ryuko wanted for a friend. She was annoying, loud, abrasive, condescending, and there was only but so much of her shrill voice Ryuko could take. And she had to endure it almost every single day, thanks to her being in the same elective classes as Ryuko and Satsuki.

But there was always an upside. Since Ryuko and Satsuki started living together, they had discovered an ability that they both shared with each other and only each other- telepathy. And with that ability, came the power to be able to gauge the people the were close to's emotions based on the color of aura they were emitting. It was more strong between the both of them of course, but they could do it just

as well with their friends. And right now, Nonon was in a very foul mood.

"Oi, Jakuzure. What's got your panties up your ass?" Ryuko sneered as they sat in study hall with the others. She watched as the shorter girl repeatedly tapped her pencil on the table. It was an annoying habit.

"Fuck off, Matoi." Nonon responded, darkly.

*Why are you bothering her?*

Ryuko's eyes shifted towards Satsuki, who gave her an expectant look. Ryuko rolled her eyes and licked her lips, tapping her hand on the table as if to appear to look busy.

*This study session is dead. Unless you can bring it back to life, I'm going to fuck with her.*

She saw Satsuki shake her head out of the corner eye before going back to her notes. She turned back to Nonon. "Awww," She cooed. "What's the matter, short stack? Having a bad day?"

Nonon slammed her hand on the table, causing everyone else to jump.

Satsuki glared at Ryuko.

*Ryuko...*

Ryuko rolled her eyes.

*Relax, Eyebrows. It's not like she's going to do something about it. Besides, she's hotter like this.*

Now it was Satsuki's turn to roll her eyes. Yep, as much as Ryuko despised Nonon, she was attracted to her. Satsuki was the only one that knew, because unfortunately thanks to their special connection,

she could feel Ryuko's emotions and hear her thoughts. Ninety nine percent of the time they were something vulgar and or stupid.

"Did you want to ride a the roller coaster but they told you no because you still aren't tall enough? Did you get mistaken for a child again?" Ryuko teased, pleased as peach that Nonon face was turning considerably red.

"That's enough, Matoi." Gamagoori intervened, seeing that if he didn't say something a fight would break out. "She clearly doesn't want to answer you."

Ryuko snorted, pushing her chair out from under the table and stood up to leave. Whatever. She was getting bored anyway. "Later, Troll." She said, putting a hand on Nonon's shoulder.

She smirked when she saw the girl jolt and sit upright. Another perk of her abilities was to be able to change her friends moods not only could she project her feelings onto Satsuki, but she could do it with everyone else too.

Nonon stood up and grabbed her arm. "Wait, I need to, fuck. I need to talk to you, alright?" She mumbled. To everyone's surprise except for Satsuki, (thanks to the shit eating grin on Ryuko's face) she grabbed Ryuko's hand and led her into the hallway outside of the library.

"So? Talk." Ryuko prompted, shoving her hands in her pockets, the grin still plastered onto her features. She watched as Nonon picked nervously at a garter on one of her stockings. She really loved those things on her.

Nonon folded her arms. "Um, I don't know what to say." she said, giving Ryuko a blank look.

"Why were you so pissed earlier? If you don't know what to say, surely you can answer that." Ryuko responded, looking at her smugly. She folded her arms as Nonon unfolded hers.

"Inumuta... The dog... He walked in on me." The shorter girl mumbled, turning a rosey pink. She started fidgeting with her garters again.

"Walked in on you? Walked in on you doing what?" Ryuko asked, her head tilted in curiosity. Even though it should have been clearly obvious what Hoka had walked in on.

Nonon glared at her, turning even redder.

Then, Ryuko understood. She blushed too, for once not having something to say. "So, uh, do you use toys or whatever?"

Nonon pushed her, her blush turning her face beet red. "You idiot!" She hissed, stomping her way back into the library, leaving Ryuko dazed and confused.

Satsuki watched as the girl even angrier than before, plopped back down in her seat, aggressively hunching over her note book.

*What did you do to her?*

Ryuko was so out of it she barely heard Satsuki.

*Nothing. She just uh, yeah.*

Confused with Ryuko's response, Satsuki was going to ask her about what she meant when she felt a jolt. The aura she felt was something she dreaded feeling from Ryuko. It was the one emotion she wished they didn't share. It was purple, which meant-

*You're horny aren't you?!*

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**So? What do you guys think? If you want to read more head on over to my Ao3 and read the first chapter. The second chapter will be up in a few days! :)**

## Mother's Day AU

"No! No! Not like that!" An eleven year old Satsuki said, scolding her two younger sisters, Ryuko age ten, and Nui, age seven. "If you mix it too much, then they will burn in the pan!"

"Well if you know how to freaking do it, why don't you make the pancakes for Mom?" Ryuko shouted back, disgruntled. She shoved the mixing bowl in her older sister's hands and stepped down from the step stool she had been using.

"Ryuko, get back here! This is supposed to be a present from all of us!" Satsuki commanded, stomping her foot. Honestly! How could she be so inconsiderate! They had been planning to make a breakfast in bed tray for their mother all week and everything had to be absolutely perfect!

"No, this is a present from you! Because all you're doing is dictating what me and Nui do! So you know what? We're gonna make mom our own breakfast in bed! Right, Nui?!" She asked the younger girl, who had been licking the pancake spoon when the two older girls weren't looking.

The seven year old nodded eagerly. "Yeah!" She piped, hopping down from her stool too. She walked over to Ryuko and grinned when the older girl put an arm around her.

Satsuki's eyebrow twitched. "Fine. If you two want to burn the house down to prove a point, I'm not going to stop you. But just know, the minute Mother leaves that bed to see what you both have been doing, you both will face serious consequences."

"Oh yeah?" Like what?" Ryuko taunted.

"Oh I don't know... I don't think Mother would be too happy if she found out on the one day she truly gets off that she had to help you



two idiots clean up after yourselves." The eldest girl responded smugly.

"We'll just see about that." Ryuko challenged, pushing past her. "C'mon Nui." She called to the youngest sister, "We have a breakfast to make."

"Yeah!" Nui said again, sticking her tongue out at Satsuki as they walked passed.

"Um, Onee-chan?" Nui piped as they made their way into the backyard. She clutched onto Ryuko's t-shirt tightly.

"Yeah?" Ryuko answered, continuing to walk, completely oblivious to the fact that Nui didn't like being in the backyard.

"Why are we back here?" She asked.

"Isn't it obvious? We're gonna get Dad to help us!" She answered her, pushing the door open to the shed.

Nui followed behind her warily, and watched as she opened a trapdoor that lead underground. She undid the latch and stepped down the ladder, motioning for Nui to follow suit. The younger girl did, and before they knew it, they were in their father's underground laboratory.

"Dad!" Ryuko called.

"Daddy!" Nui echoed.

"Huh." Ryuko said, scratching her ear. "I guess he's not he- Oi!" She ducked as something went flying past her. "What the hell was that?!" She barked.

"Language, Ryuko!" Boomed their father's voice from somewhere in the lab.

"Oh. Sorry." She apologized sheepishly.

Nui folded her arms. "Daddy, where are you?" She asked, stomping her foot. It was too dark for them to see him, or anything else for that matter. Ryuko was surprised that they even made it down without any trouble.

"I'm right here." Soichiro said, emerging from a dark room. He flipped on a light switch and the whole room lit up with light. "I was experimenting with something that needed to be in complete darkness. Now what can I help you girls with?"

"Satsuki's being a jerk!" Ryuko shouted angrily.

"Yeah!" Nui agreed.

"We were supposed to be making breakfast for Mom together but she just took over the whole thing! So we decided we were going to make our own breakfast for her! But Nui can't reach the stove and Mom said I can't use the stove without her or you in the kitchen after what happened last Christmas." She mumbled with an eye roll. "You burn an expensive ham once and suddenly you're an arsonist!"

Soichiro raised a hand to his chin. "Hmmm. How about a chocolate cake?" He suggested.

"Yeah! What woman can resist a chocolate cake?!" Ryuko agreed excitedly. They headed back into the kitchen, where Satsuki was just about finished cleaning up.

When she saw them, she snorted. "Getting Father to help you? Now that's just low." She commented, putting her dishes in the sink.

"Now, now Sacchan. It's not a competition." Soichiro scolded playfully.

Ryuko shook her head. "Actually Dad, it is. We're competing to see who can make Mom the best breakfast!" She rubbed her hands together eagerly.

Satsuki made a "Hmph." sound and pulled out a tray from the cabinet above the sink.

While she was preparing to put what she had made on the tray and garnish it with decorations, she realized what they were doing when Ryuko reached into the pantry to get a box of cake mix. "It's ten in the morning! Why are you making cake?!" Nui put in the eggs, (Shells and all) and the milk, water and vegetable oil.

"Mind your business!" Ryuko snapped, turning on the mixer. She lowered into the bowl.

"Wait!" Soichiro shouted. "Ryuko, if you put it in like that it's gonna-"

Chocolate batter flew everywhere. Splattering on the walls, the table, the stove the microwave, a few cabinets, and all over Nui, Soichiro, Satsuki, and especially Ryuko. "That was aweso- Oi!" She shouted as the mixer was taken out of her hands. She then stared up in horror at who had taken it away from her. "M-Mom?"

"What in Madonna's name is going on here?" Ragyo asked, holding up the mixer. "I was in bed all morning waiting for my darling family to bring me some home cooked breakfast, when I heard all this shouting!"

"It was them!" Satsuki blurted, pointing at Nui and Ryuko.

"M-Me?! You're the one who kept telling us what to do!" Ryuko screamed at her, slapping her finger away.

"Yeah!" Nui chimed.

"Because I'm the oldest!"

"You're also the dumbest!"

"Yeah!"

"Girls, girls!" Ragyo called, getting their attention. "There's no need to fight. Especially not over my affection! I love you all equally. Mother's Day isn't about seeing who can give me the best gift! It's about spending time with me!" She told them, ruffling Ryuko's hair.

"So, you're not mad?" Nui asked.

"Of course not! Why would I be?" She responded.

"For one thing, we got cake batter all over the kitchen." Ryuko mumbled.

"And all over Daddy." Nui giggled.

Ragyo chuckled, glancing at her chocolate covered husband. "Well the kitchen can be cleaned up by you girls. I'll take care of Daddy myself." she said, winking at Soichiro.

"Oh ew!" Ryuko commented, making a gagging noise.

"It's not even noon yet and she's already said something inappropriate!" Satsuki added, closing her eyes in disgust. "Can you guys at least wait until we leave the room?"

Raygo laughed and licked Soichiro's cheek.

"That's it! I'm out of here!" Ryuko said, stopping out the kitchen. She grabbed Nui's hand on the way out. Satsuki followed behind her, not daring to look back.

## Charred Words

After another grueling week of nightmares, Ryuko suggested Satsuki sit down and write a letter to their mother. Things she wanted to say, things she couldn't say. There were obviously some things she couldn't bring herself to think about, but, to finally get some of her burden on paper and out her heart did seem like a calming solution.

When they had first started their new lives in the city with all their friends, it was the first thing Ryuko did. When all the unpacking for their new apartment had been done, she sat at their new dining table and wrote a letter to their father.

She told him all about what had happened and how successful they had been in taking their mother down. She bragged about her adventures, and told him that he would be proud if he could see them now. She sealed it, and then burned it in the fireplace.

Satsuki couldn't understand why she would burn something so sacred, but Ryuko had told her, "It's supposed to be symbolic. The scars we have are still on our bodies, but writing out the feelings we have inside and burning them makes me feel better. Burning the letter is like sending those feelings away forever. It's like a surreal way of forgiving." It was the most profound thing that Satsuki had ever heard her sister say. And she was right. Ryuko looked a lot happier after writing that letter.

So Satsuki decided to write her own. (With the insistence of Ryuko, of course.) She inhaled shakily, letting out an uneasy breath. She stared at the blank lined paper in front of her. How could she put such a complicated time of her life in just a few short sentences? Ryuko never specified how long it had to be. She didn't want to write a three paged letter, only to burn it minutes later. Yes, there was the symbolicness of getting rid of all of the feelings, but it seemed... redundant to her.

She tied her hair back into a low ponytail and sighed, picking up her pen. She took a sip of her tea, and closed her eyes for a moment. Opening them again, she put the pen to the paper and began to write.

Then promptly scratched out what she had written. An annoyed expression crossed her features, and her mouth dipped down in a slight frown. She didn't want to relive the past. It's bad enough she was having horrible nightmares every night. The difference between her and Ryuko was that Ryuko just was emotionally scarred with abandonment and trust issues. It was still hard for her to let Satsuki go anywhere by herself, and she would make Satsuki promise her that she be back that night when they left for school in the morning.

Satsuki was both emotionally and physically scarred. Jagged, angry, marks criss crossed her back. Remnants of their mother whipping her until she bled. Satsuki let out a dry chuckle. Even after death that damned woman has a way of wiggling into her life and throwing a wrench into her happiness.

Well not anymore. She was going to write this letter, and she was going to do it now. This would be the last time that she would ever think of their mother, let alone even discuss the harrowing events of her childhood. Satsuki picked up the pen again, this time more confident and sure of herself. She would write this, and then, with an eased heart, burn it. Just like Ryuko had. And then maybe, just maybe, she would find peace within just like she had, too.

An hour later, Satsuki stared teary eyed at the two pieces of word filled paper in front of her. It was the most painstaking thing she had ever done. But she had done it. And she was proud that she had done it. She sighed shakily and folded the paper in half, then stuffed them into a crisp white envelope. Getting up, she went to the fireplace, watching the dancing flames hiss and crackle. Sealing the envelope, she opened the gate in front of the fire, and tossed the parchment into it.

She stared as the flames devoured the letter, turning the brilliantly white paper a dark burnt black. Kind of like what their mother did to her heart and innocence. Satisfied, and not wanting to sulk in the past anymore, she began her shuffle out of the living room. But not before taking one last glance at the fireplace.

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*Dear Mother,*

*You will never see this. And I'm sort of happy you won't. Because if you had, it would have probably meant nothing to you. Let me start off by saying this: I still love you. Even though I will forever hate you for who you were, what you had become, what you did to me, Father, and Ryuko. Especially Ryuko. Watching you throw her away like she was some play thing started a hatred in me that I never thought possible for a five year old to have.*

*And then you started touching me. In places that they taught us in school we should never be touched. And you kept doing it. And doing it. And doing it. And then there I was, eighteen years old, hardened to the world and using others for my purposes. Just. Like. You. I suppose that's the 'Like mother, like daughter' inevitability, huh?*

*I will say this though. I'm glad you gave birth to Ryuko. Because she is the one who knocked me down from my power high. Because without her, I would still be like you. I would be a senseless tyrant, being controlled by those damned life fibers.*

*We will never see each other again. And that's a good thing. Because if I ever saw you again, I would kill you a second time. I am not as much forgiving as Ryuko. She refuses to curse you because she knows that there was still good in your heart. Father raised a naive girl.*

*I might sound insane for saying this, but I suppose I should thank you. You are our mother after all. And without you, we wouldn't exist.*

*You were once kind, and you were once a great mother. And maybe, in some alternate universe, you still are.*

*Alas, this letter is getting long, but I wanted to let you know how I felt. I'm severely angry at you, though I will always love you. Ryuko says to forgive, but never forget. Fuck that. I will never forgive you. You deserve to rot in hell for what you've done to me and the people around me. Yet, I can't seem to completely hate you. Maybe you did have some good in you after all. It doesn't matter now anyway. These are my last words to you. I'm never going to write you again. Goodbye, mother, I hope wherever you are in the afterlife suits you well.*

*Love, Satsuki.*



# Father's Day

*Dear Dad,*

*Happy Father's Day. If you were here maybe we couldve gone out for mochi ice cream like we used to. I'll keep this short so that I don't get all emotional and stuff. Look, what you did was wrong. The whole keeping the fact I had a sister from me, saying that Oka-san died when I was baby, all of that. I know that you were trying to protect me, but why? Why would you let me go through such emotional turmoil to the point where I questioned whither I was human or not? Why did you let me become such an angry teenager?*

Ryuko let out a little laugh. She began to write again.

*As if you could answer any of these questions. It's alright though. I forgive you. So does Eyebrows. She's the one who took it the hardest you know? You left her. You left her with the monster that Mom became. She can never have a normal life because of that. She gets all jittery if someone touches her without her knowing, and she can't take baths alone. Maybe, in a sick twisted way, that's a good thing. This healing process has brought us closer than ever before. So I thank you guys for that. You and Mom may not have been the best parents, but that's okay. Nobody's perfect.*

She sighed.

*This is the last time I'm going to write to you Dad. I'm gonna say everything that I've ever wanted to say in this, and then I'm going to burn it. Maybe some how it'll reach you. Please don't think me and Sacchan hate you. Especially Onee-chan. She knew you were looking out for us. You didn't know Mom was going to start touching her.*

*Anyway, I guess I'm rambling now. I'm trying not to turn into a dork and start crying. But it's kinda hard you know? So much has*

*happened these past few months and for it all to finally come to a sudden stop is so... jarring. But man, if you could see us now.*

*Satsuki's decided to go to college to become a politics major. She said she wants to help people and make the world a better place. She also said she wants to rebuild REVOCS from the ground up with my help. I don't know about that, but I bet if you were here you would tell me to do it.*

*I'm a music major. Yep. I'm in college too. Betcha didn't see that one coming, huh? I want to write all the things that happened to us down in song and share it with the world. I mean, our story is unique, isn't it? Maybe we could write movie. Heh. Maybe you could be played by Brad Pitt or something.*

*Oh. I'm rambling again. I guess I've had so much to say to you since that day. I know wherever you are you're proud of us. And that makes me happy. I miss Senketsu. And I miss you too, Dad. You know, you two were so much alike it was amazing.*

*Anyway, I gotta go help Satsuki unpack the boxes in our new apartment. Later Dad.*

*-Ryuko*

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"What was that all about?" Satsuki asked as Ryuko threw the letter into the fire place. She was curious as to where the younger girl had went.

"Oh, ah, I just wanted to really say goodbye to Dad properly. That's all." Ryuko responded, opening up a box of clothes. "It really helped, ya know?"

Satsuki nodded, understanding. "Maybe I should write one." She mused.

"Yeah," Ryuko agreed, pulling her sister in for a comforting hug.  
"Maybe you should."

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**So I wanted to kind of write the prequel to Satsuki's letter from the last chapter. And what better day to do it than Father's Day? I don't really have a good relationship with my dad, so this was pretty easy to write. Sorry it's a little on the short side, I feel like Ryuko even though wanting to say so much, couldn't really express herself without becoming bitter or angry. Welp, hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! :D**

# The Sleepover

"Stupid furniture company! They can't do anything freaking right!" Ryuko yelled, slamming her hand on her and Satsuki's brand new dining room table. Due to some completely random and incredibly stupid mix up, the company that was supposed to be bringing all the sisters' things in their new apartment had somehow lost Ryuko's bed and wouldn't be able to deliver a new one until tomorrow.

"There's no reason for you to be getting upset," Satsuki told her, rolling her eyes at her childish behaviour. "What's done is done. All we can do now is wait for the bloody thing to show up."

"But where am I going to sleep? I can't sleep on the freaking floor!" Ryuko growled, waving her arms before folding them.

Satsuki raised an eyebrow. "What? You don't want to sleep with your older sister? Am I that much of a bother to you?" She pressed, folding her arms as well.

Ryuko back peddled. "I hadn't thought of that. But... Wouldn't it be weird? I mean... are you comfortable with having someone else in the bed with you?" She asked, fiddling with the string on her pajama pants. "I mean you're still in recovery and everything and I don't wanna trigger any panic attacks-"

Satsuki raised a hand to cease her babbling. "Matoi, you are my sister. You are blood. After all we've been through, do you honestly think that you sleeping with me for a couple nights is going to make me start having nightmares again?"

Ryuko looked away from her, feeling guilty. "No... Sorry..." She mumbled.

Satsuki chuckled, making Ryuko look back at her. "It's fine Ryuko." She said smiling. "Let's just get to bed. I am a big girl. I can take care

of myself."

Ryuko's eyebrows furrowed. "Are you sure, Sis? Because if it becomes too much I can always sleep on the couch. Seriously, you don't have to put yourself through this for me." She knew Satsuki was being sincere, but her sister's panic attacks always came first.

Satsuki rolled her eyes. "Ryuko, I'm the older one. Stop worrying about me. I'll be fine. I promise." She yawned, and then stretched, smiling when she heard her bones satisfactorily crack. "I'm serious." She added, her features hardening.

Ryuko sighed in defeat and followed her into the bedroom.

Ryuko stayed on her side of the bed and Satsuki stayed on hers. Satsuki had fallen asleep the minute they settled in, but Ryuko was still up, worried about her sister. Every minute or so, Satsuki's face would scrunch up in pain. That was just in the first hour.

Ryuko looked at the clock. It was twelve in the morning. She was beginning to feel extremely tired, but wanted to stay up to watch her sister and make sure she was alright. But sleep was slowly taking over her, and before she knew it she couldn't keep her eyes open.

She finally let sleep consume her at two, facing Satsuki. Satsuki had turned in her sleep, so now they were both facing each other, unaware of it. Ryuko could hear her sister breathing calmly, which meant whatever was bothering her an hour ago had subsided. For now. Unconsciously, she scooted closer to her, a sudden shiver going down her back.

At four, Ryuko had full on cuddled up to her sister. Satsuki's eyes fluttered open at the smell of her sister's strawberry scented shampoo. Looking down, she saw her sleeping soundly, pressed up against her chest. The younger sister yawned against her looking like a small kitten. Satsuki smiled, and began petting her sister's hair.

Somewhere around six, Satsuki had long by now fallen back asleep, but had continued petting her sister in her sleep, occasionally laying loving kisses on the top of her head. This woke Ryuko up, who had caught her in the act once. Too tired and too comfortable to move, the younger girl blushed when she felt the older girl pull her closer to her chest, and sigh in content. Ryuko could feel her boobs, which made her blush even more.

At eight they were entangled with each other, and had somehow started holding hands. Both were snoring, and were peacefully unaware that their friends had entered their apartment.

"Aw... look at them..." Mako gushed in a low whisper. "They're so cute together! Look at Satsuki-sama! I've never seen her so peaceful!" She cooed.

Satsuki's ear twitched at the mention of her name, but didn't stir.

"The delinquent actually looks... adorable. Like a kitten." Nonon admitted grudgingly, pointing to the younger girl's fang. "You guys better not tell her that, or I will beat the shit out of all of you." She threatened half heartedly, turning back to the others.

Ryuko growled in her sleep as if she heard what Nonon had said.

Uzu tried not to laugh. "I say we document this for blackmailing purposes." He grinned, pulling out his phone and opening the camera app.

"Do you honestly believe that you can blackmail Lady Satsuki?" Nonon asked with a raised brow.

Inumuta shrugged. "The pink one does have a point."

Gamagoori coughed. "As much as it is an invasion of privacy, I do believe it wouldn't hurt to document this one moment that our lady isn't set in her rigid posture."

"You're just saying that because you want to save a picture as much as I do!" Uzu accused.

"Well hurry up and take the damn picture before they wake up and see all of us in here!" Nonon shrieked, pushing Uzu in front of her so that he could get a better shot.

Nervously, Uzu held up his camera, and took the picture. Unfortunately for them, he had left the flash on, and it shined right in Ryuko and Satsuki's faces. Panicking as the girls began to stir, he shoved the device in his pocket.

"You idiot! How could you forget that the flash was on?!" Nonon demanded, smacking him in the back of the head.

"It's not my fault!" He shouted back, rubbing his head.

"Why are you guys all in here it's like nine in the fucking morning." Ryuko said groggily, sitting up and scratching at her belly.

"We wanted to invite you guys to come with us to breakfast!" Mako bubbled, bouncing up and down.

"Breakfast?" Satsuki asked, sitting up also. She glanced at her sister and made a sound of disgust at her monkey like behaviour. "Why didn't you call first?" She asked.

"You both were probably so asleep that you couldn't hear us." Uzu responded, putting a hand in his pocket.

"Speaking of sleep! You guys looked soooooooo cute! Especially you, Sacchan! You and Ryuko were holding hands like a couple or something!" Mako told them. "Go on, Uzu! Show them the picture!"

Inumuta, Uzu, Gamagoori and Nonon facepalmed.

Nonon sighed exasperated. "They weren't supposed to know about the picture, underachiever!"

"Oh..." Mako said, nodding. "Oops!"

"What picture?!" Ryuko demanded.

Uzu took out his phone and showed the both of them the picture.

Ryuko and Satsuki shared a look, both blushing madly.

"Uzu Sanageyama as your queen I demand you delete that picture immediately. Or else." Satsuki command, using her frown on him.

Uzu did what he was told.

"Good." Satsuki decided, smoothing out her night gown. "Let us never speak of this again."

"Agreed." Everyone chimed.

Everyone left so that Satsuki and Ryuko could get dressed. Nonon nudged Uzu as they sat on the couch waiting for them. "Psst, you still got it?"

Uzu grinned, holding up his phone, the picture still on it. "I even made it my background."



## Can Phones

"Onee-chan wait up!" A five year old Ryuko huffed as she ran after a six year old Satsuki across the massive lawn of their backyard. Satsuki had been so excited to show her something when she had came home from school that she had grabbed her hand and had ran outside without a word, carrying a plastic bag that contained something that clanked every time she took a step. Ryuko only fumbled after her, confused, until the older girl let her go, only to sprint ahead to their shared treehouse.

By the time Ryuko had managed to climb the ladder, Satsuki had splayed the contents of the bag onto the hardwood floor. Ryuko was even more confused to see that it was nothing more than a pack of yarn and some soup cans. "This is what you dragged me out here for? Some stupid cans and some string?!" She yelled, waving her hands.

"It's what we're going to do with them that I brought you out here." Satsuki responded, rolling her eyes. "Go get the scissors out the drawer."

Rolling her own eyes and sighing, Ryuko stomped over to the arts and crafts drawer by the window and rummaged for the red scissors they shared. Once she found it, she handed it to the older girl and sat crosslegged beside her. "Now you're gonna tell me what this is all about." She commanded with a pout. She wanted to get back to her cartoons.

"Today in my class we made these things called can phones," Satsuki explained, stabbing a hole into the bottom of one can and then the next. Ryuko watched her, still confused. "We took the scissors and cut holes in the cans and then we took the string and strung it through like this," Satsuki opened the pack of yarn and unwound it until it was a about 2 feet long. Cutting it, she weaved it through the first can and then tied a big knot so that it would stay.

She then did the same with the other can. She smiled, looking at her work.

Ryuko had stopped asking questions because her curiosity for what exactly this contraption could do over powered her annoyance. Satsuki handed her a can, and instructed her to walk to the other side of the tree house.

Their tree house wasn't an average one, it was huge compared to a normal one. There was enough room for both sisters to be in it and not see each other. Ryuko took the can and walked all the way over to the next room where the string ran out. "Okay, now what?" She called back.

"Can you hear me?" Satsuki answered her, speaking into the can. Only she didn't shout it, she said it in a soft tone. "Does it work?" She asked.

"H-How are you doing that?!" Ryuko squealed, her stunned expression being mirrored in her voice.

"I told you," Satsuki responded, giggling. "It's the cans. Speak into it, do it!" She encouraged.

"H-Hello?" The younger girl said unsurely.

"I can hear you loud and clear!" Satsuki laughed, clapping her hands. "It works! Hey, you think we can use these when we can't talk out loud? You know, like when one of us gets in trouble or something?"

"Yeah, that's a great idea!" Ryuko agreed. The two girls raced down the ladder of the tree house and ran into the house, where they went up to their room, shutting the door behind them and stayed in their room for hours, playing and talking and laughing until they fell asleep.

The next morning, Satsuki went back to school, and all day Ryuko eagerly awaited her return. She sat on the couch with the cans in her

hand, swinging her legs back and forth, and humming a happy tune as she watched the front door carefully. When the clock struck three and Satsuki didn't step through the door like she usually would, Ryuko got a little worried. "Maybe they're in traffic." She reasoned to herself, turning back to her cartoons.

Two hours later, Satsuki still had not come home from school. Now Ryuko felt like crying. Sliding off the couch she went to find her father who was in his laboratory sitting at his desk. "Daddy, where's Mommy and Sacchan?" She asked, her lip trembling. "I wanted to play with her and she hasn't come home yet. She was supposed to be home hours ago."

Soichiro turned to his youngest daughter and ruffled her hair to make her feel better. "Don't worry, Ryuko. She just went with Mommy to the office. She'll be back soon. Why don't you go play with your toys until she comes back alright?"

Ryuko was still a little sad, but nodded. "Okay daddy." She went back into the living room to pick up her stuffed bear Senketsu when the front door opened. In stepped Satsuki, but something was very, very different. She wasn't happy like she was yesterday. She was silent. Still. Afraid even. What happened to her?

Ryuko ran up to her. "Onee-chan! Onee-chan!" She chanted, jumping up and down. "Do you wanna play with the cans?!" She asked, pointing to the cans on the couch. Her face fell when she saw that Satsuki hadn't so much as smiled at her. "Onee-chan, what's wrong?" She asked, tilting her head.

"Satsuki's very tired, Ryuko. She's had a long day." Ragyo answered for her eldest daughter. "Isn't that right, Satsuki?" Ryuko saw the grip their mother had on Satsuki's shoulder tighten.

"Y-Yes, Mother." Satsuki responded, refusing to look Ryuko in the eye.

"Be a good dear and go to bed now." Ragyo commanded her, giving her a little push. Mechanically, with another utterance of 'Yes, Mother' Satsuki made the slow ascend up to their shared room without another word.

Ryuko tilted her head. Why was she walking so... funny? The dark haired child looked up at her mother with questioning eyes, but saw that the woman had already turned to leave to go down the hall to her private study.

Sensing something was terribly wrong, Ryuko grabbed the cans and ran up to their room. It was dark, and Ryuko couldn't see much, but what she could see was that Satsuki had thrown her clothes on the floor and gotten herself dressed for bed. Which she never does because Soro would come and help them get ready for bed. Judging by the lump in the bed, Ryuko knew that she was all the way under the covers. Which she only did when she was upset. And for the first time ever, she could hear Satsuki crying.

Ryuko crawled over to her bed so as not to disturb her and let her know of her presence. When she looked up she was face to face with her older sister. "Sacchan. You promised me we would play with the cans today." She said, her eyebrows furrowing. "Why are you crying?"

Satsuki didn't respond. She rolled over and sniffed. "Please leave me alone, Ryuko." She said quietly after a moment.

But Ryuko didn't understand why she wanted to be left alone. "But the cans. You said we'd play with the cans!" She pounded her small fist on the bed in frustration. When Satsuki didn't respond again, Ryuko slumped down and sighed.

Suddenly, she got a bright idea, and jumped up. crossing over to the side Satsuki was facing, she put one of the cans under the covers and then went over to her bed and went under her covers.

Satsuki noticed the metal object right away and asked into the can, "Ryuko, what are you doing?"

"Trying to make you feel better, duh." Ryuko responded with a short giggle. And then she began to tell a story. It was a silly story about how Ryuko's bear Senketsu and Satsuki's bunny Junketsu could talk, and how they could be worn as silly outfits and that they had to throw pie in their mother's face to stop her from turning everyone into stuffed animals.

When she was done, Ryuko heard something that she had hoped to hear.

Laughter.

Satsuki laughed, and laughed, giggling and snorting at how ridiculous throwing pies in Mommy's face could be. And suddenly she felt better. Like nothing could ruin this one moment for her. "You're a silly girl, you know that?" She told the younger girl.

"Yeah, but you laughed so that makes you silly too," Ryuko said back, giggling. "I love you, Sacchan." She whispered.

Satsuki smiled big. "I love you too, Ryuko."

# Christmas

Christmas wasn't something that was celebrated when Satsuki was growing up. At least, by her standards. When she was young, she got maybe one or two big presents from her father, but after he left, she rarely got any at all.

With Ragyo, any and everything came with a price, and just like that, six year old Satsuki was forcefully being trained into doing things for gifts on Christmas. Not normal things like getting high grades and being good, no it was much worse than that.

Letting her mother have her way with her body anytime she wanted, letting Nui abuse her, her body, her things. The both of them would constantly give her empty threats of having nothing under the tree unless the request of the day or the hour was met. After a while it didn't seem to have a point anymore, and Christmas became just another day to the black haired girl.

Nui would get all the toys, and she would get nothing. She didn't care, her childhood innocence was gone. Why pretend she had the opportunity to be one? Why put up a front of having a normal childhood when hers was anything but?

"Mother loves me best," Nui had boasted one Christmas. She was seven and Satsuki was twelve. "She loves me more than you because I do what she says."

"If you truly believe that's a good thing, then you are a fool," Satsuki had responded, glaring at the younger girl as she tried to shove one of her shiny new toys in her face as a vain attempt to make Satsuki jealous.

Nui giggled. "My, my. Such defiance. No wonder you were given nothing this year again. Maybe if you just submitted yourself to Mother you'd get presents,"

Satsuki balled her hands into fists. "Like hell I will. I'd rather die in the worst way possibly known to man than do anything to receive a damned thing from that woman." She growled.

Nui smirked. "Please. Like you have a choice."

After that, Satsuki had chosen to ignore her for the rest of the night.

Now, many years later, at the age of nineteen, she was spending Christmas with her family. Her real family. Her four Devas, Mako, and most importantly, her sister Ryuko.

Ryuko was a stranger to Christmas herself, never being able to come home for break while she attended boarding school. Her father was always busy, never having time to buy presents, let alone open them. During Christmas break while her classmates were away, she would stay in her dorm room and go about her day like it was any other.

Ryuko didn't see the point anyway. It was always just the two of them at home . And outside of her father she didn't really have family.

Until now.

Satsuki thumbed at the cup of tea in her hands as she presently watched Mako and Ryuko tear the multi-colored wrapping paper on their presents apart, Ryuko screaming profanities in excitement and Mako talking so fast it hurt to even try and understand what she was saying.

This was her first Christmas with people whom she cared about, and who cared about her. She had almost forgotten how it felt to actually be excited for the holiday. She hadn't felt anything for it in years. And now... now she couldn't help but let out a snort and roll her eyes when Ryuko started shouting at the top of her lungs at the motorcycle keys in her hand.

"Holy shit, Giga Brows this is going to make me look bad ass as fuck!" She said excitedly, staring at it in awe. "Please tell me it's my favorite colors!"

"Red and black. Just how you like it," The older girl responded with a smirk.

"Fuck yeah!"

"Oi, Matoi! Shut up with the profanities! It's the day Jesus was born for Christ's sake!" Nonon piped, throwing a balled up piece of wrapping paper at her.

"Fuck you! I don't give shit! I got me a sweet ride!" Ryuko barked back at her. "Aw man, Sats! This is so fuckin' cool! How much did it cost you?!"

"Does it really matter? After all, that woman left her riches to no one other than me," Satsuki replied. "As insane as she was," she then murmured under her breath to herself as an after thought.

"Well I appreciate it, sis. No one's ever bought me anything for Christmas, let alone something that fuckin expensive." Ryuko told her, wrapping an arm around her. "Now, nee-san, it's time for your gift."

Satsuki wasn't prepared for that. "My gift?" She repeated, eyebrows knitting. She hadn't gotten a gift since she was a mere child.

Ryuko produced a white box tied with a blue bow from behind her back. "For you," she mumbled, shoving the gift in her hands. She grinned. "It's something that I thought you'd might like."

Satsuki opened the box and pulled out a pure silver necklace. The charm on it was a scissor blade crossed over a katana to make an 'x'. "This is... this is for me?" She asked, turning to the younger girl. She could see the genuinely happy look on Ryuko's face. She could



see that there was no strings attached, no bait and switch. Just a plain old gift out of love.

Ryuko nodded. "Of course it is, Eyebrows. Who else would it be for? And besides, it's not like anyone else knows the significance of it."

"The fact that you know a word like significance and used it in a correct sentence deeply concerns me," Nonon commented.

"Can it, Pug." Ryuko snapped at her before turning back to Satsuki. "So? What do you think?" She smiled softly at her older sister.

"I... I love it. And the fact that it came from you and you alone makes me love it even more," Satsuki pulled Ryuko into a tight hug. "Thank you,"

"You're welcome, sis." Ryuko said, returning the hug before pulling away. "Whadya say we open up the rest of these gifts and then get drunk off our asses?"

"Sounds like a plan to me!" Uzu shouted from somewhere in the kitchen.

Satsuki and Ryuko laughed, interlocking fingers as they snuggled up onto the couch.

The older girl layed her head on Ryuko's chest and listened to her heart beat before calmly whispering, "I would love that."